True magazine Dec. 1948

What-is-its of the sea

People who say there's no such thing as a sea serpent don't necessarily know what they're talking about. Take the case of Captain Jason Seabury, for instance, who caught one monster by harpooning it in the eye

BY IVAN T. SANDERSON

Scottish-born Ivan T. Sanderson's reputation as a naturalist is based upon his participation in many scientific expeditions to the East Indies, the Aru Islands and the West Indies, and his leadership of a zoological expedition to West Africa, sponsored by the Royal Society and the British Museum. Author of numerous scientific papers, he is perhaps better known for his two books, Animal Treasure and Caribbean Treasure.—The Editors of TRUE.

Once upon a time—and only a short while ago, at that—sea monsters were thought to be dolorous figments of happy Elizabethan imaginations. Up till a year ago they were just perennial fillers found in the newspapers when all the current wars were slowing down. Now the darned things have been cropping up every month. In the face of all these reports, we need to evaluate the arguments against accepting their validity.

Take the record during the past year. In December, 1947, the master of the S. S. Santa Clara, seconded by two officers, reported striking a forty-foot what-is-it with an eel-like head and a long neck three feet in diameter, off the North Carolina coast. In January, the press of British Columbia broke out in a rash of stories about sea monsters and even produced a corpse which, however, turned out to be that of a large shark. In February, Florida put in its two-bits' worth with photos of vast, three-toed tracks meandering out of the sea and all over a sandy beach. In March, British Columbia was back with its camel-headed, long-necked, off-shore visitor. In April something was reported off the California coast. In the meantime Australia, England, and India suffered a number of visitations from the deep.

Perhaps you will remember the cryptic wireless message received by the U. S. Hydrographic Office last December 30, which was widely published:

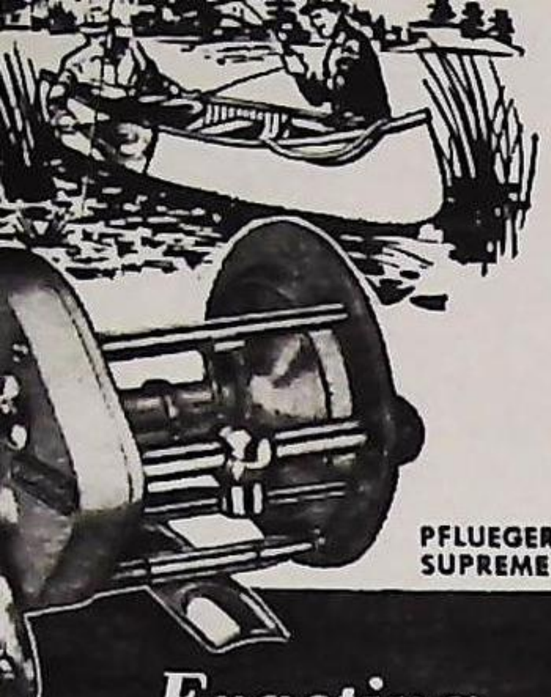
"Lat 34.34 N Long 74.07 W. 1700 GCT struck marine monster either killing or badly wounding it period estimate length 45 feet with eel-like head and body approximately three feet in diameter period last seen thrashing in large area of bloody water and foam sighted by Wm. Humphrey chief officer and John Axelson third officer." This was dispatched by the captain of the S. S. Santa Clara, en route to Barranquilla, Colombia. When the ship returned to New York, the press descended. The result was the usual crop of fatuous write-ups in which, inevitably, liquor was mentioned as often as the sea monster. Certain pertinent facts were reported, however: notably that the matter was entered in the log and in red ink, as required for disasters and unusual events. As one New York daily pointed out, "There is a fine of $500 prescribed for false entries in a ship's log."

It appears that precisely at noon, 118 miles due east of Cape Lookout, third mate John Axelson suddenly spotted the head and body of a large animal sticking out of the sea. He yelled and the captain, navigating officer and chief mate joined him at the rail. The ship was doing eighteen knots and the animal was by this time about sixty feet astern. They report that it "sort of humped over and started thrashing around." Mr. Axelson made some sketches of what he saw and all witnesses describe the animal as having a flat head about five feet long, shaped like that of an eel, a neck eighteen inches thick and six feet long, and a body twice as thick, of which some thirty feet showed above the surface. The animal was dark brown in color, slick and shiny. It was left rolling and thrashing about in bloody foam.

Here is the age-old enigma of the seas, and the travesty that follows. An enormous unknown beast is seen in broad daylight by a number of professional mariners trained to observe everything upon the sea. They are hard-working, well-educated, responsible men with good jobs. They do not drink on duty, not only because of regulations but because such people just don't. The animal is hit and believed mortally wounded. The ship is not stopped, no boat is lowered, no attempt is made to investigate, photograph or collect the beast. It is simply entered in the log and a wireless report made. The ship docks, the press arrives, jokes are made about liquor.

The press appeals to the professors and experts, who promptly state that people not trained as zoologists never know how to describe what they see. It is suggested or stated flatly that the animal was probably a line of playful dolphins, a large fish, a whale, a log, a piece of giant seaweed, a deflated navy blimp, or something equally mundane. In this case they picked an oarfish, saying it could be fifty feet long. The actual statement made to one reporter is a near classic: "Often two people seeing the same thing will describe it differently afterward. The seamen said the body was round, but a flat surface may look round from a distance. An [*Continued on page* 86]

Illustrated by John Pike



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What is it? or the Sea

[*Continued from page* 38]

oarfish is what we call a compressed fish—narrow from side to side but wide from top to bottom. It's possible what they saw was a large porpoise, but more likely it was an oarfish."

It approaches plain insult to ask the public to believe that professional mariners cannot tell the difference between a long, laterally compressed fish without neck, and an animal with a large head, slender neck and a body twice as thick. It is positively inane to suggest that any seaman could mistake such an animal for a porpoise. As a matter of fact, many more sailors hold a definite belief in the real existence of the enigma than the average zoologist might suppose. They wisely say nothing as a general rule, for fear of ridicule. Occasionally they become aggravated, or when they retire are apt to relate their experiences. A good example is found in Sir Arthur H. Rostron's book, Home From the Sea.

Rostron writes of the time he was chief officer of the Cunard Liner Campania. The ship was off Galley Head entering Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in 1906, when Rostron noticed something sticking out of the sea. He ordered the vessel swung away a point to avoid the "snag," which they passed at about fifty feet. Then he saw to his amazement that it was the head and neck of some enormous animal which rose about nine feet out of the water. The neck was about a foot thick and the head, as he described it, kept looking "from side to side for all the world as a bird will on a lawn between pecks."

Rostron made sketches of the beast on a white dodger-board and later showed them to his captain, who was more than skeptical. After the Campania docked at Liverpool, however, reports appeared in the papers of a man found adrift in a small boat at the opposite side of the Bristol Channel. He reported that his boat had been attacked by a monster exactly answering the description of that seen by Rostron and other Campania officers.

Reports of this kind can be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have been made by people of every seafaring nationality, and by more coastal landlubbers over the world. Professional seamen of every kind—from luxury-liner captains, Naval officers, whalers and fishermen to uneducated primitives in dugout canoes—have reported the same thing time and again. Women with telescopes, parsons in yachts, ordinary citizens in rowboats, Chinese smugglers in junks, thousands of Sunday strollers in New England, and even two zoologists off Brazil have watched these animals sometimes for hours, sometimes for days.

Can all these reports be cases of mistaken identity? All hoaxes, jokes or plain lies? If liquor is the cause, why do exactly the same kind of animals invariably accompany the alleged delirum tremens, appearing only on or by the sea throughout the world? Why don't we get any pink elephants or at least a few technicolor adders? Why don't we get the same thing reported by people who have never seen a sea serpent picture or read a description of one? Is it all some atavistic product of folklore? Can it all be mass hallucination, as some scientists always contend? And what, incidentally, is mass hallucination?

All these explanations are, however, only negative and, be it noted, are put forward by people who were not present when the alleged incidents occurred. In all the hundreds of cases reported, there is not a single instance that I know of in which an eyewitness disagreed with other eyewitnesses.

Skeptics often put forward other arguments against the existence of these creatures. One that they *cannot* exist, is really quite fatuous and can be dealt with very simply. It should have been demolished long ago by the discovery that the kraken, in which Norwegian fishermen had believed for centuries, really existed. This turned out to be a giant squid, now known to science as Architeuthis, which sometimes attains a weight of over two tons and is not only a very real but a fairly common animal. The fact that almost anything can exist in the sea was demonstrated when a fish five feet long, and belonging to a group of which all members were thought totally extinct since the Dinosaur Age, was brought up alive in a commercial trawl off South Africa in 1938.

There are three more arguments, which at first sight appear to be devastating. First, that no specimen has ever been captured; second, that none has ever been washed ashore; and third, that no piece of one is in any museum. I would advise the utmost caution in accepting any such notions as final. Let us examine the record.

Almost the first fact that springs to mind is that, if the what-is-its really do exist, there is one group of professional seamen who, above all others, should know about them. I refer to whalers, who for centuries have roamed the oceans expressly searching for large marine beasts. Yet in all the published literature on the subject, and there is considerable, I have yet to find one case recorded by a whaler.

Dr. Townsend of the old New York Aquarium is said to have made an exhaustive search of the logbooks of old whalers, but failed to find a single report. It seems that he either did not probe far enough, or looked in the wrong logs. It appears, in fact, that the logbooks of whalers have not been properly examined at all, because in 1932 the editor of the New Bedford Standard-Times caused a search to be made in the Old Dartmouth Historical Museum and literally dozens of reports and many illustrations came to light. Among these was a quite matter-of-fact account of the actual capture of an enigma.

In the year 1852, Captain Jason Seabury of the whaleship Monongahela, was off his ship in a whaleboat when one of these long-necked, small-headed creatures surfaced and rushed the boat. "I instinctively held out my harpoon," he writes, "and its sharp point entered the eye. I was knocked overboard and felt a deep churning of the water around me. I rose to the surface and caught a glimpse of the writhing body, and was

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and carried down. I partly consciousness underwater but re- it. When I rose again in the foam, the 'snake' had disappeared and I shouted, 'Pick up the line.'"

Captain Seabury's harpoon had taken fast and the monster was mortally wounded. The Monongahela seems to have come up with them, and three other boats were lowered. The account goes on to say: "We lanced the body repeatedly without eliciting any signs of life. While we were at work he gradually rose to the surface and around him floated what I took to be pieces of his lungs, which we cut out with our lances. To make sure, we continued to lance, eagerly seeking for his life. He drew himself up from the water and we pulled away to safety and then witnessed the dying struggles of the monster. The revolutions of the body were rapid as lightning, seeming like the revolving of a thousand enormous black wheels."

Captain Seabury was a young man and of good education, as his description indicates. His closing observations: "It was a male, the length 103 feet 7 inches. We cut the snake up but found great difficulty and had to flense him," i.e., strip off the blubber. The most interesting facts in this account are Captain Seabury's obvious belief that the animal had lungs, and his ready statement that it was a male, both of which would indicate that it was not some enormous fish. They are definite statements that, combined with the precise measurement and the remark about the difficulty encountered in cutting up the beast, lend an air of great authenticity to the account.

This report can be attributed by skeptics to any of the regular causes—liquor, lies, a joke, a hoax or perhaps even to wishful thinking. It can hardly be called a case of mistaken identity, be attributed to folklore or explained by mass hallucination.

We can scarcely conceive of a company of hard-bitten whalers flensing a whale under the mass hallucination that it was a sea serpent. We can only take the report at its face value, but it might be wise in future to refrain from stating dogmatically that no unknown sea monster has ever been caught.

Further, we might be well advised to adopt the same cautious attitude regarding the contention that no example has ever been beached. Indeed there is considerable evidence that quite a number of such monstrous jetsam have been washed ashore. When investigated properly, the vast majority of such reports turn out either to be pure rumor or hearsay, or to concern some animal already known to science but not to local residents. The most popular seem to be basking sharks or the rarer whales, in an advanced state of decomposition. When the flesh has been abraded from the vertebral column of a basking shark, all but trained zoologists may well be excused for thinking it to be the remains of some vast sea serpent. Such was the object washed ashore at Port Alberni, British Columbia, early this year. First reported as being seventy-two feet long, it later shrank to forty-five feet. It was just a long string of obviously fishy vertebrae with a blob of rag-like flesh at the front end.

However, quite a number of the beached corpses defy identification. Perhaps the nastiest example was a vast mass of boneless flesh no less than twenty-one feet long, seven feet wide, and nearly five feet high—washed up on a Florida beach in 1896. It was first thought to be the body of a gigantic octopus, and then the "tank" from the head of an enormous sperm whale. However, it was examined by no less an authority than Professor A. E. Verrill, who stated, with commendable simplicity for such a real expert, that he had no idea what it was. Ever afterward, he believed implicitly in the existence of unknown marine monsters.

This is by no means the only carcass the waves have thrown up which could not be identified, even by experts. There are records of dozens of such horrible things. In 1921 something odd, probably only a decomposed whale, was washed ashore at Cape May, New Jersey; in 1928 a nondescript corpse of large dimensions and covered with what was described as "white hair like that of a polar bear," was beached in South Africa; in 1928 also, a black-and-white striped mess turned up on the beach at Fonseca in El Salvador; in 1930 a forty-five-foot what-have-you was found on Glacier Island, Alaska.

This is merely a few years' sample, taken at random. Other periods are just as bad. Some are worse. In 1885 an astonishing carcass was reported washed ashore on another Florida beach. This was inspected by a reliable-sounding gentleman named the Reverend Gordon of Milwaukee, and other witnesses. It lacked a head but had a long serpentine neck, a spindle-shaped body with two flippers, and a long, tapering tail. It was nearly fifty feet in length. Unfortunately, a hurricane blew up that night and despite all efforts to save the prize it was carried back to sea.

Even when the true nature of such beached corpses is determined, the real identity of the beast is seldom reported. The matter is quietly dropped. But there are incidents of quite another kind that are even more silently buried. I refer to the corpses that *cannot* be identified or over which recognized experts do not agree. There was a beauty late in 1934 which you may look up for yourself in the files of, for instance, the New York Times for November 23rd of that year, and in subsequent issues. This account brings us to our third postulate; namely, that no part of a so-called sea monster is as yet in our possession.

The news item described a thirty-foot corpse with four flippers and an elongated backbone, found on a beach at Henry Island, British Columbia. The coast there is a great place for sea monsters and the locals are very conscious of their presence, even having a name for them—Cadborosaurus, or "Caddie" for short. This corpse was taken to Dr. Neil Carter, the expert of the Division of Domestic Fisheries, who with consummate perspicacity said that "in life it must have been slender and sinewy." It was covered with hair mixed with quills and was a mammal. However, Dr. Clemens

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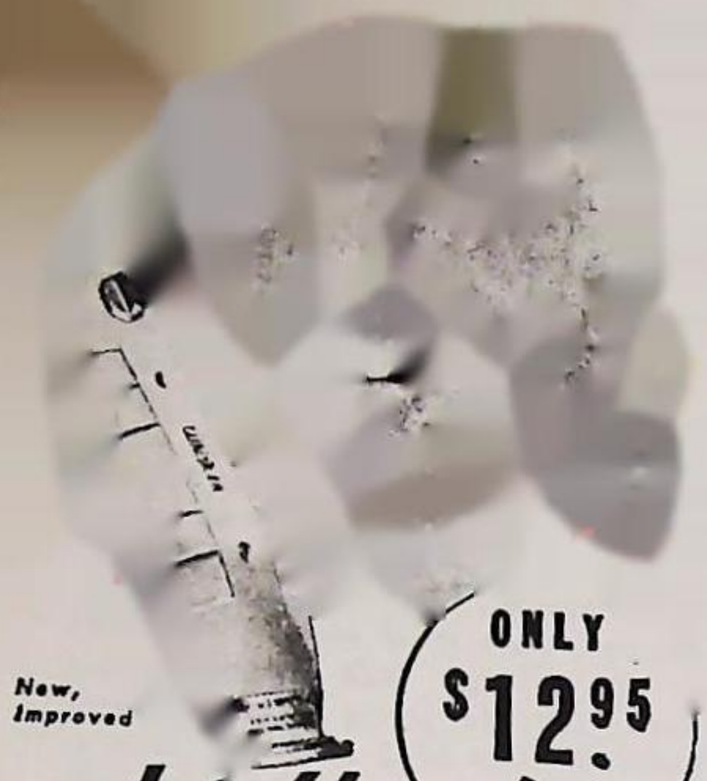

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of the Government Biological Station at Nanaimo said it was a basking shark, which is a fish. Finally, it is reported that the officials of the Provincial Museum in Vancouver pronounced it to be the remains of the last surviving Steller's sea cow, a large relative of the manatee, and a mammal thought to have become extinct in the middle of the last century.

Are we seriously asked to believe that a group of trained zoologists are unable to distinguish a fish from a mammal? The idea is absurd to almost any high-school student. The whole matter was hurriedly dropped; no final conclusion seems to have been published and, what is more, no explanation of this omission appears to have been forthcoming. The remains must presumably be lying in some museum and one wonders if they will continue to do so. This is an unpleasant thought, rendered no less disturbing by the case of the kraken.

Despite the fact that this great sea monster was, as we have said, known to mariners for centuries, it had been confidently dismissed by the shore skeptics as a mass hallucination or something, until an actual specimen, admittedly injured and half dead, was brought from Newfoundland to New York at the end of the last century by the same Professor Verrill. It was then disclosed that for years bits of kraken had not only been used as bait by the cod-fishers of the Grand Banks, but also had been reposing in bottles of alcohol in several large museums. You begin to wonder what other priceless treasures may be hidden away in the recesses of these institutions. There was one that had some skulls of Neanderthal man, unlabeled, in an old hat box, for a decade. Perhaps there is a skull of a young sea monster in some museum labeled "Old adult male seal; locality unknown."

Here we have thousands of people, the great majority presumably sane, of all nationalities and walks of life, for centuries reporting substantially the same kind of animals. They defy ridicule, they sign statements and they make little sketches. At the same time we are confronted with the spectacle of the best brains in our communities, specializing in the study of nature and animals, and presumably steeped in the tradition of science—which is the investigation of the unknown—flatly denying that any of these people have seen what they say they have. Worse still, we find some of them even denying the possibility of such creatures' existence, while their colleagues continue fishing even worse monstrosities out of the seas.

Disappearance of an alleged sea monster into a museum is burial of an orthodox kind. There is interment of a somewhat more iniquitous nature, which I call cremation by ridicule. An example:

In British Columbia in March, 1947, it appears that two ordinary citizens went out fishing. One had what was, in this case, the great misfortune to be of Greek ancestry, and to be leader of a "Polar Bear Club" whose members took a dip in the icy sea each New Year's eve. The other drove a cab for a living, had the first name of Oscar, and obviously did not want to be quoted. Some large strange beast appeared near their boat, and the darned fools said so on landing. The press got to work and a reporter produced the following little funeral oration:

"It looked like a horse—you know, the kind of horse that resembles an indignant cow or else a wolf, or even maybe a mad dog with accusing eyes and a pompadour. Confusing, h'm? Just the same, that's the best available description of British Columbia's newest and weirdest sea monster. The witnesses: Peter Pantages, Vancouver restaurateur and 365-days-a-year English Bay swimmer, and an inscrutable taxi-driver known only as Oscar. Mr. Pantages, his eyes still bulging, and with a stunned hoarseness in his rich Athenian accent, told the story today, world rights reserved, reproduction in whole or in part strictly on the up-and-up. 'It happened Wednesday evening about 6 o'clock,' said Peter the Peerless.' "

The incident is then given as described by Mr. Pantages, with considerable emphasis on his difficulty with our language. Another version from a rival paper accused both witnesses of insobriety, lying and otherwise heaped uncalled-for contumelies upon them. This sort of facetiousness is not journalism. It deliberately hampers the furtherance of knowledge but it is unfortunately only too common, especially in those fields which lie on the borderland of zoological knowledge.

What then of positive evidence for the existence of large, as-yet-unknown animals in the various seas and oceans? Here we encounter an enormous mass of facts that would be most baffling to any honest skeptic if he were prepared to analyze them without bias. Several serious thinkers and renegade zoologists have pondered this question, and there is substantial agreement in their conclusions.

First of all, and with few exceptions, the reports agree very closely on the form of the animals seen, despite the fact they cover two centuries and originate from all the oceans. The animals described almost invariably have small, earless heads; a mouthful of teeth; whiskers; long, serpentine necks; barrel- or spindle-shaped bodies; four flippers—two forward and two aft—long, tapering tails; and they are sleek like a wet sea lion. Many reports speak of manes or frills extending down the neck and often along the spine. Sometimes these are continuous, sometimes notched, or divided into a series of fin-like projections. In the matter of size, there is considerable variation but then all animals are small when born—there is great variation in the size of adult whales. There may also be secondary sexual differences, so that the males might bear manes and the females be devoid of them. There might even be more than one species.

In the matter of behavior, there is even closer agreement. The animals reported seem to be more prevalent off rocky, indented coastlines like Norway, West Scotland and New Zealand. They are almost always reported in calm weather. When observed near a coast they seem to be just puttering about, while on the open ocean they are always going

often at great speed. Report report bears this out.

Norwegian fishermen who have always believed that these enigmas compose a real family of marine animals, contend that they are harmless but frightfully inquisitive. Innumerable reports second this, describing the beasts as rising out of the depths to inspect or to follow ships, bathers or the shoreline, just as do seals. At the same time, they appear to be terrified of thrashing screws.

But in the manner of locomotion there is the closest agreement. When under way the animals are described as having a vertical undulatory movement so that when near the surface a series of humps protrude from the water. Moreover, when the paddles have been seen they are always said to flail together in pairs. Further, when going all out, the head is reported to be held stiffly forward on the long neck and at a slight upward angle, like a sea-lion.

There is no real reason why a lot of large mammals such as described could not exist, popping their small heads or only their nostrils above water to breathe at long intervals, like whales, never disclosing themselves by "blowing" or "breaching," or in any other manner except when the sea is glassy and still. They could breed on the high seas, as do whales, live on fish in deep water by the edge of the continental shelf and, like the kraken, come into shallow waters only when old, injured or blown there by storms.

The many descriptions, when analyzed together, seem to indicate the existence of one or more species of large mammals related to the seals, with bodies shaped like the ancient fossil marine reptiles known as plesiosaurs. That they are mammals and not reptiles seems to be indicated by the sleekness as opposed to scaliness of their hides, and by the frequent reports of whiskers. Blue whales, which are cylindrical and tubby, grow to more than 100 feet in length. A slender creature with thin neck, long tail, and over-all length of 175 feet, would be much less bulky and in no way mechanically impossible for an aquatic animal.

We have seen that the oceans may still harbor all kinds of fantastic creatures—fish five feet long that ought to have been fossilized sixty million years ago, thousands of three-ton squids measuring fifty feet, and who knows what completely unknown animals.

It is clear, then, that none of the arguments put forward by the skeptics holds much water. They are all negative, often rather silly and sometimes, on analysis, just not true. In fact there seems to be a regular conspiracy to prevent any suggestion that there might be unknown large creatures in the sea that do not as yet have long latin names.

The reason is that we have not so far got a stuffed one in a museum, and until this lack is remedied scientists are perfectly entitled to be skeptical. In the meantime, we can make their lives more bearable by refraining from facetiousness and by doing all in our power to rectify the omission. If the current volume of reports is any indication, our chances of filling this niche in the museum would appear to be rather bright.—**Ivan T. Sanderson**

"Mr. Tilby is in the Kinsey Report."

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Create a new mechanical toy

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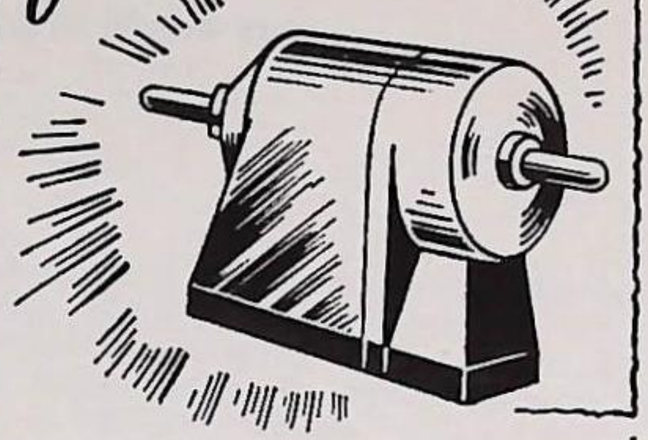

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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

Dept. T

Washington Post
Wash, D.C.
22 Nov 1959 page E5 section col 4

That is a sane contest-for-keeps if the Soviets are willing to conduct it on some agreed ground rules without the pervasive peril of war. It would cut back the arms race to the advantage of both sides, if the Soviets want it enough to accept meaningful inspection.

The contest-for-keeps test between the National Association of Manufacturers and the planners in the Kremlin but between Thomas Jefferson and Karl Marx—between freedom and abundance on one side and regimentation and abundance on the other.

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an Be Blissful

Happy Though Married

on the other—of people the divorce counselor had managed to break up.

The counselor came out and nodded to us to come in.

We sat down and the first thing he said was: "I'd appreciate it if you didn't hold hands in this office."

We both put our hands on our laps.

"Now tell me your story from beginning to end and don't leave out any details. The smallest thing that may seem unimportant to you could shed a great deal of light on the case for me."

We told him everything: how we had met; about our home; how although we had occasional fights, we always made up.

He kept tapping his pencil against his ear.

"DO YOU have any arguments about money?" he asked.

"No," we said. "I give it to her and she spends it."

He frowned.

"Now, when you have a fight, does she ever threaten to go home to her mother?"

Our wife replied: "My mother lives in Pennsylvania. It's too far to go home and besides, the children are in school and I hate to have them miss a term."

"Do you ever send your wife flowers?"

"All the time," we replied. "I go down to Les Halles and get them wholesale."

"Does he notice when you go to the hairdresser or when you buy a new dress or hat?" the counselor asked.

Our wife said: "Oh, yes. I can't buy anything new without him commenting on it."

"What does he say?"

"He wants to know how much it costs."

"And then when you tell him, does he get mad?" the counselor asked hopefully.

"No, he just shrugs his shoulders and walks into another room."

The counselor broke his pencil in half.

"Do you have things in common to talk about?"

"Oh, yes," we said. "Lots of things."

"Like what?"

"All our friends breaking up."

"What about your girl friends?" he said to our wife. "Do they ever call you up and tell you they saw your husband having lunch with a beautiful girl?"

"Oh, yes," our wife said. "But that's his job. If he didn't talk to beautiful women at lunch I wouldn't be able to buy any new clothes."

THE COUNSELOR threw the broken pencil across the room.

"This is the most hopeless case I've ever tackled. Why don't both of you grow down? Everything you've told me makes no sense at all. You have too much in common. You should have gotten married when you were both younger and didn't know what you were doing. If it had only been a war marriage I think I could have helped."

"You mean it's too late."

"It's never too late to get a divorce," he said, "but you have to want it. My advice to both of you is as follows. Go home and try to get on each other's nerves.

"You must be a jealous wife," he said to our wife, "and you have to show a little more immaturity," he said to us.

"Keep track of each other's faults. Blow up little things until they seem like big problems. Move into smaller quarters, infringe on each other's thoughts."

He lectured us sternly. "Remember this—love and happiness isn't everything."

We thanked him profusely as he escorted us to the door. But when we opened the door for our wife he blew up.

"For heaven's sakes," he screamed, "you're not even out of my office and you're already opening doors for her. How are you ever going to break up if you keep doing stupid things like that?"

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ing a Prosperity Wave

—those working part-time in agriculture and the medium and small industries—is estimated to have changed only slightly.

Commenting on this "forward leap" by Japanese industry United States Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon said in an address here: "For more than a decade now, Japan has maintained one of the highest rates of economic growth in the world . . . This has been accomplished in a free system, under a political democracy, without repression or force. It is a heartening accomplishment foretelling a great future for Japan and serving as a shining example for the entire free world."

THE PROSPERITY is reflected in boom[illegible]ic year showed an impressive 10.7 per cent increase over the same period of 1958.

JAPAN IS in the midst of a golfing craze. To everyone who is anyone in the business world, membership in an expensive golf club is, like the possession of a large American automobile, a sign of prestige.

More than 30 new links are under construction or planned in the Tokyo area to cater to an estimated million golfers. These will be in addition to 10 existing links and around 200 golf training establishments and driving ranges, many of them on the roofs of tall buildings.

In short, in less than eight years of independence, Japan has ceased to be a "have

mented on this document: 1958 coincided with the reces-
[illegible] of the sion in the United States

The Magazine Rack

By Robert P. Jordan

A LOT of us need reassurance these days more than money. Already loaded, we wear our prosperity self-consciously and in some anxiety, you know. Vance Packard puts the needle to us and we see the new swimming pool for what it is—another status symbol like mama's mink and the gold-plated faucet. Well, there *is* reassurance, friends. Eric Larrabee writes in *Horizon* that the status system is dead, that we are living in its wreckage. One by one, he says, the symbols exhaust themselves and are replaced with others; "There is no safety in status when everyone else is after the same thing and, what is more, can get it."

But what is left? Isn't chasing the buck, and spending it, everything? Why, the individual is left. The man who thinks for himself, if you please. He is emergent. Larrabee is pleased about this and so we all should be.

• • •

A HEARTENING article, that. There is good news on the sociological front elsewhere, too. *Newsweek* has been talking to teen-agers and some of the people who know them best and we find that the great majority of our high schoolers are fine, upstanding citizens. A subject of this scope doesn't lend itself readily to the space limitations of a news magazine, but it's a worthy piece all the same.

• • •

QUICK TAKES: Chairman Wilbur D. Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee calls the income tax system "a house of horrors" in *Life*. Kindly read what he says . . . *U. S. News & World Report* offers suggestions about what to do now to save on your 1959 taxes . . . *Time* turns its cover story over to Treasury Secretary Anderson and the American dollar . . . Ah, but enough of this financial kick. In the forthright *Reporter*, Marya Mannes lists some of the "good" things on TV, saying that if you are among those intelligent, educated and discriminating individuals who don't look at television at all, you have "only contributed to its degradation." Tricky bit of logic there, Marya.

• • •

THE DECEMBER issues are now coming out, many of them dressed in holiday finery. We think the *Reader's Digest* cover is a particularly fine one. Agree? Inside, the Digest ranges far and wide as usual; something for everybody, informative, interesting and, pardon us, uplifting. Those of you who find much in the press to criticize will get a different slant by reading "All the News—and Then Some," a look at the New York Times reprinted from *Holiday*. Those who are wondering whether this or that reducing gimmick will slim you down will want to read "They Take Your Money—You Keep Your Weight" by Blake Clark. Those who eschew tenderness, for want of a better word, may change their ways after finishing "The Lesson of the Gracious Heart." Far-ranging, uplifting magazine, the Digest.

• • •

SPEAKING OF press criticism, Otto Friedrich entertainingly dissects a common form of journalese in *The American Scholar*—"wordsmanship." Wordsmanship, says Friedrich, is "the art of exaggerating without actually lying." A pretty girl is "beautiful"; a plain girl is "attractive"; a less than plain girl is "vivacious." If she is tall, she is "statuesque"; if short, "petite"; if thin, "slender," and if fat, "curvaceous." Any man who is murdered by his wife is "socially prominent." And any murder is "bizarre," eh, Otto?

• • •

THUMB FUN: Bright item in the *Saturday Evening Post* about Baltimore's Swartz brothers and their profitably frantic clothing business . . . Washington's Camilla Marvin, who thinks that most articles on how to converse only make their readers better listeners, does something about it in *Glamour*. You'll tell a story better for reading "Do They Hang on Your Words?" Of course, nobody listens to us anyway . . . All about the Defense Department's organizational setup in a big and most useful issue of *Armed Forces Management* . . . Pictures and descriptions of all announced military missiles and rockets in *The Military Engineer* . . . And then there's the strange story of "America's Abominable Snowman" in *True*. "Somewhere in the wilds of California," says True, "there is a gigantic creature which walks on its hind legs, leaves huge human tracks and is scaring hell out of everybody." Gee whiz.

Procter & Gamble with ganging up in exclusive advertising deals with these companies to make it appear that Procter & Gamble's soap powders and soap products are about the only soaps on the market. The Federal Trade Commission charges that this tie-in advertising is not only false and misleading but also monopolistic and unfair to competing soap companies.

Here is how the "deceptive" advertising deals between Procter & Gamble and the washing machine manufacturers operate:

• Procter & Gamble makes a deal with Westinghouse Laundromat to feature "Dash" in the TV commercials of Westinghouse. The TV commercial reads: "Dash is the only detergent packed in every Westinghouse Laundromat."

• General Electric will carry this TV blurb—"Yes, General Electric puts Tide in the new automatics."

• And Apex features the following TV commercial: "Tide's inside—Apex knows you want the cleanest clothes possible."

Procter & Gamble not only pays for part of this washing machine advertising but features the washers in its own advertising. The FTC claims that this tie-in TV promotion has given the housewife the impression that the big washing machine companies deal exclusively with certain kinds of soaps.

Furthermore, the tie-in in TV commercials has made it extremely difficult for smaller competitors to compete with Tide, Dash, Cheer and other Procter & Gamble soaps.

This TV gimmick has paid handsome dividends. According to the FTC: "During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1958, Procter & Gamble net sales of all products were $1,295,163,369, its net profit was $73,196,618, and its total assets were $804,019,110."

The Trade Commission's complaint has met with anguished denials. But with

military strength . . . But in Defense Secretary McElroy, taking his orders from the Treasury Department, or-

There'sOnlyOne Russian Citadel

"KREMLIN" IS the Russian word for citadel. It refers to Moscow's most ancient and strategic area, which is still walled in by fortifications. The citadel contains old royal palaces, governmental bureaus and churches where the czars were crowned and buried.

Some government offices, including that of Premier Khrushchev, are still located there and are closed to casual visitors. Other buildings have been opened to tourists since the death of Stalin.

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Twenty paces away he saw an enormous man-creature, covered with yellow hair. Suddenly it ran downhill at great speed.

"the Abominable Snowman"

The natives of Tibet and Nepal call him Metch Kangmi, and people of near-by areas have other names for him—and nobody yet knows exactly what he is

Last fall I had the honor of speaking to a remarkable organization of citizens in New Haven known as the Peabody Museum Auxiliary. Its praiseworthy purpose is to make known the work of this Yale institution by bringing together its scientists and interested laymen through evening meetings and other activities. Somehow my talk got onto a subject in which I have been interested for twenty-odd years—reports of unknown or as-yet-uncaught animals of large size that may be living in the sea, in jungle swamps, or among inaccessible mountains.

After the talk I learned that my audience had contained a number of Yale faculty members as well as other scientists from the Peabody Museum. I was then informed that a small, informal get-together of these august persons was to take place and that I was invited to attend.

I had questioned their established beliefs in no uncertain terms when I stated flatly that I believed there were still monstrous things to be caught in the sea, some small dinosaurs in the swamps of Africa, a marsupial tiger in Australia, and possibly a ten-foot, rabbit-shaped creature there also, and a twenty-foot penguin in the Antarctic, an example of which got lost and wandered out on the Keys of western Florida in February, 1948.

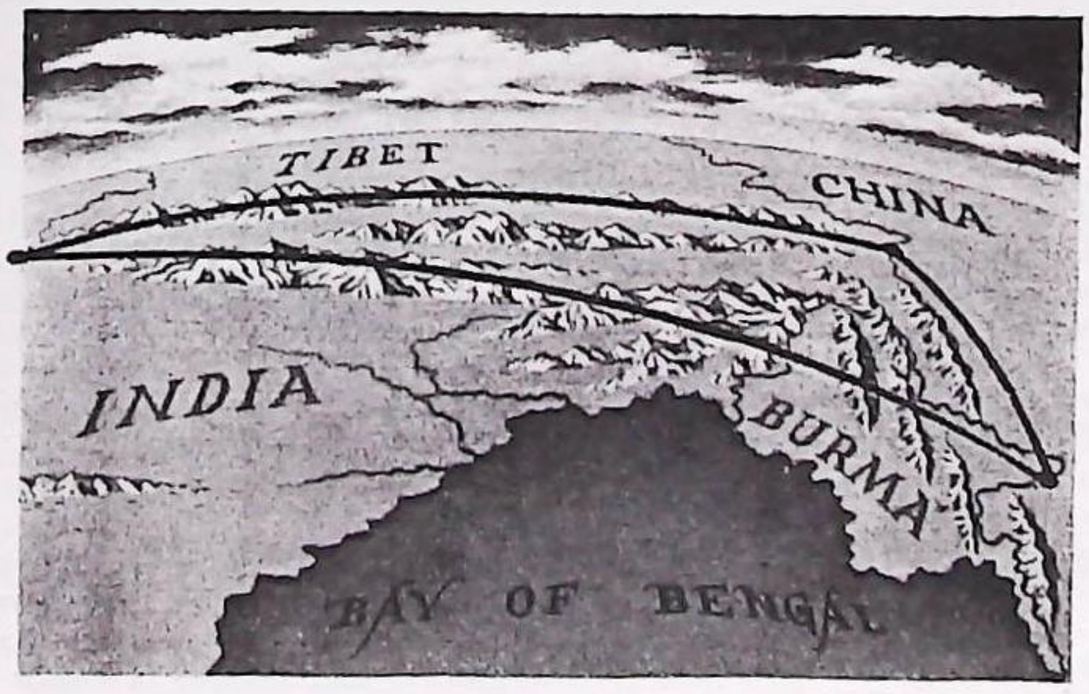
Imagine my delight, therefore, when I was introduced to a number of eminent scientists who positively beamed upon me. One of them, who I was told had never before been heard to make a rash statement, said he had definite information that the bones of just such a sea monster as I had hinted at, had recently been found in Japan. Further surprises followed.

Among those present was Dr. Dillon Ripley, leader of the 1948 National Geographic Society and Yale Expedition to Nepal in the eastern Himalayas. While in the region of Nepal he had received numerous reports of a local monster that sounded very convincing. However, without a specimen to prove its existence, he had been loath to talk about the matter. He then told me he thought it might be an enormous form of monitor lizard, like the so-called "dragons" of Komodo Island in the East Indies which are large enough to catch and eat pigs. [*Continued on page* 88]

by Ivan T. Sanderson

Illustrated by Hardie Gramatky

The author's great triangle—a mountain higher than Everest has been "lost" within it. Who knows what odd creatures live there?



september 1950

TRUE the man's magazine

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the Middle West, the South, and some parts of the East. Jake was occasionally used medicinally for stomach disorders, and could legally be sold at retail only on prescription. Drugstores and wholesale houses could obtain it on Federal permits issued by the Prohibition Bureau in Washington but nobody seemed to have any trouble getting it. In 1928, for example, the government released two

cally loses control of his fingers. . . . The feet of the paralyzed one drop forward from the ankle so that the toes point downward. The victim has no control over the muscles that normally point the toes upward. When he tries to walk his dangling feet touch the pavement first at the toes, then his heels settle down jarringly. Toe first, heel next. That's how

e moves. 'Tap-click, tap-click, tap-click, ıp-click,' is how his footsteps sound. . . . 'he calves of his legs, after two or three 'eeks, begin to soften and hang down; ıe muscles between thumbs and index ngers shrivel away. . . ."

Although a few cases were reported in 928 and 1929, the use of Jake on a large cale apparently began in Kansas early in 930. The first victims were looked upon ıs comical figures. They were called 'jake trotters," and were said to be "jake jazzed," or to have "jake feet." Their peculiar locomotion was laughed at as the "jake dance" or the "jake step." The merriment subsided, however, when health authorities discovered that in the city of Wichita alone there were more than 500 cases of jake paralysis, and as many more in other parts of Kansas. In the summer of 1930 the Prohibition Bureau estimated that the number of victims throughout the country exceeded 15,000. Many of them ultimately regained partial use of their hands and feet, but as far as the record shows none completel recovered.

Herbert Asbury

"The Abominable Snowman"

[*Continued from page 29*]

This brought up a number of other less pleasant questions—at least from an orthodox scientific point of view—about this corner of the world. I speak of a great triangle that would lie within lines drawn from the junction of French Indo-China, Thailand, and Burma in the south, north to Kansu Province of China, thence west to the Karakoram Mountains on the borders of India, Sinkiang, Russia, and Afghanistan, and then back again to Burma. You may need to get out an atlas to familiarize yourself with this area. If you do, one essential feature of this great triangle with its two-thousand-mile base will strike you immediately—its exaggeratedly mountainous nature.

Despite the fact that thousands of Americans flew over parts of this triangle during the recent war on their way back and forth over The Hump, and that a fair number of mildly intrepid Englishmen have been wandering through it for more than a century, we know practically nothing of what it actually contains. For instance, it is somewhere within this triangle that a mountain, which reliable observers contend is considerably higher than Mount Everest, is claimed to have been seen several times, but is now lost. It is positively ridiculous to lose anything so enormous.

It is from within this area also that all manner of other stupid-sounding reports have issued, notably one put on the international wire services by the Government of India as one of its first acts after achieving emancipation from the British yoke. Whether this should be regarded as an act of pure exuberance I cannot say, but the story had it that the tribesmen of a certain area on the south slope of the Himalayas near the Assam border had to move out of their home territory because a monster, standing twenty feet tall and no less than ninety feet long, had moved into it. The monster was said to be a dinothere, an extinct relative of the elephants.

This area is the fountainhead of certain stories that are much worse from the orthodox point of view. It is, in fact, an altogether abominable part of the world, as we shall see.

Two decades ago an English explorer named Hugh Knight, returning from a trip to Tibet, rode ahead of his baggage train and reached the upper limits of the valley alone. It was a bitterly cold November day and he was weary, he dismounted to rest. He reports that as he stood in shadow, some movement at the other side of a snow-covered boulder caught his attention. He saw, not more than twenty paces away, an enormous man-creature with yellow skin covered with blondish hair, and with a long, matted mane on its head and shoulders. The creature had high cheekbones, the barrel chest and overlong arms of a gorilla, and it carried a short, primitive bow. Its feet appeared to be very splayed. It was watching the side of the mountain below intently and was unaware of Knight's presence. Suddenly it took off downhill through the snow at great speed.

This report was made in all good faith and was duly ignored. I have found it commented upon only once, and that in just a few lines in a book about Mount Everest. Similar treatment was accorded the more definite story of an Italian named Tombazi, who was official photographer on an expedition to Mount Kabru in another part of the Himalayas. This gentleman saw a similar man-thing on the opposite side of a mountain valley. Tombazi said it walked upright, was naked but for a thick covering of hair, and had a light mane. It was grubbing up roots with a heavy, curved stick. He watched it through a field glass for several minutes until it disappeared into some thick scrub.

Tombazi then crossed the valley to search for it and found its tracks. They were humanoid but only six inches long, and they showed widely splayed toes. An isolated story of such a nature emanating from a place then as little known as the inner Tibetan Himalayas was not newsworthy. It meant nothing to the layman and it was worthless to science.

The next report, which came in 1915 from a government Forest Officer stationed near Darjeeling in India, could not be so ignored since it was officially transmitted to the Zoological Society of London by a Mr. H. J. Elwes, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society. It may be found in the proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1915, on page 294, and it recounts that the Forest Officer, one J.R.P. Gent, had observed high above the treeline some humanoid creatures which were known to the local inhabitants as *Jungli Admi* or *Sogpa*.

This may seem a very strange report to be printed in such a journal. Actually, this report on the *Sogpas* was really a rather mild affair, for it simply states that these creatures, which appear to be more apelike than manlike, are clothed in long, yellowish-brown hair even on their faces, and live high up above the snowline, only descending to the meadows and forests of the Phalut Valley in extremely cold weather. They leave tracks in snow, it says, with a stride of eighteen inches to two feet, but they appear to progress on their knees and shins on steep places, so that their footprints, which are six inches wide and very splayed, seem to be turned backward.

This statement was debated in a desultory fashion and the debaters finally appear to have satisfied themselves that the *Sogpas* were either a large unknown species of langur monkey, or a tailless macaque monkey related to the rhesus. Langurs, be it noted, are arboreal monkeys, and though they have been seen on snow-covered pines at great altitudes, they do not venture higher than the treeline and certainly not on to the snowfields.

None of the debaters had ever been in the Himalayas.

The world as a whole remained calm and uninformed. But only for a brief six years. Then it received a series of jolts, and it has continued to receive them at brief intervals ever since.

The first was administered in an entirely indirect manner in 1921 by the explorer, Howard Bury, while engaged in reconnaissance work before the second British attempt to climb Mount Everest. He happened to remark in a report, somewhat casually, that when at an altitude of 21,000 feet his party came across tracks in the snow. They were "able to pick out tracks of hares and foxes but one that at first looked like a human foot puzzled us considerably. Our coolies at once jumped to the conclusion that this must be the wild man of the snow to which they gave the name of *Metch Kangmi.*" Bury then calmly proceeded to say that these tracks "were probably caused by a large 'loping' gray wolf which in the soft snow formed double tracks, rather like those of a barefoot man." How, since he did not see the alleged wolf, the author could state that it was gray is hard to understand. How, also, we may well ask, could a double wolf track resemble that of a man?

This report was read by one Henry Newman, who was in India. In a letter to the London Times sixteen years later (1937), this gentleman claimed to have been solely responsible for popularizing these *Metch Kangmi.* At any rate, this fellow admits he sent a story to the British press about the *Metch Kangmi* of, as he thought, Tibetan folklore, and he translated the name as "The Abominable Snowman." This delicious title caught the popular fancy, and the public absolutely demanded more information. This, of course, offered the press an opportunity such as occurs only once in a lifetime, and they went to work on it with all the facetiousness at their command. In the meantime, however, Henry Newman had discovered from a Tibetan friend that he had mistaken the true meaning of the word *Metch.* This, he tells us, should more properly be translated as "filthy" or "disgusting."

Despite the fact that for pure delight there is little to choose between the three alternatives, the public had been given the Abominable Snowman and it would not give him up. This creature has resulted in some of the most extensive double talk ever indulged in by scientists and other "experts," almost none of whom have ever been near the Himalayas or the great unexplored Asiatic triangle. Some of this arrant nonsense will be aired later, but let us first pursue the progress of the Abominable Snowman after he received his official title.

There was an immediate outburst in the British press, led by sporting gents with odd pen names. First came "Foreign Sportsman" with a note that, while crossing the Bireh Ganga Glacier, he had come across numerous tracks like those of an elephant. He said he had been more than just puzzled, because an elephant could not have got to that place or gone where the tracks went. Next came another sportsman signing himself "Bhalu" who said that while crossing the upper basin of the Biafua Glacier in the Karakoram Range, he came across a line of large tracks a foot in diameter, nine inches deep, and eighteen inches apart. His porters identified them as those of a Snowman which they called a *Yeti.* This writer then made a very interesting comment to the effect that the tracks were definitely not those of bear because there were many bear tracks about and they were quite different. This point should be stressed.

While these sporting gentlemen were unburdening themselves to the press, the scientists purported to remain unimpressed, and released only generalized comments without by-lines and to the effect that such tracks, if they ever existed at all, were doubtless caused by wolves, monkeys, snow leopards, hallucinations, superstitions, or the altitude.

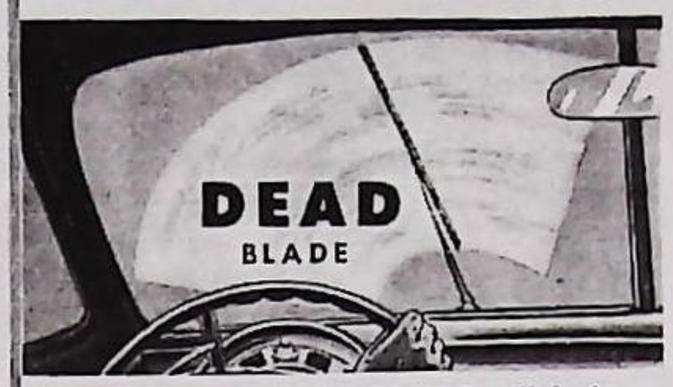
However, two Canadian ethnologists had made themselves vulnerable to criticism back in 1921 by stating that they had discovered and lived with a lost tribe of Chaldeans in "an isolated spot in the Himalayas at 17,000 feet," who painted on goatskins with vegetable dyes and lived to 107 years of age. How these intrepid explorers, Messrs. Jill Crossley-Batt and Dr. Irving Baird of Montreal, had discovered the inhabitants lived to this precise age they did not say.

Now, this report coupled with a fable about an extinct people of the Milam Valley—who were said to have been covered with long blond fur and who were annihilated by a vast bird that lived on the nearby Gori Glacier—set in motion a train of "reasoning" that led to the assumption that the Abominable Snowmen, if not pure folklore, were strangers from some as-yet-undiscovered tribes of mountaineers. What they were doing above the snowline was, of course, conveniently ignored.

Then the first reports of the Everest Expedition itself arrived and its leader had the audacity to report that when some of the party reached a point at an elevation of 17,000 feet they had seen, and watched for some time through powerful binoculars, a number of large, erect, dark forms moving about on a snowfield high above them and at an elevation of at least 20,000 feet. When they had reached this snowfield, moreover, he stated that they found it covered with enormous footprints—short and broad like those of an elephant but spaced in such a manner that they could only have been made by a two-legged animal, or one walking on only two legs.

The stride was outsize for any man, and the tracks led upward to a large area of bare rock above the glacier.

YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT BLIND



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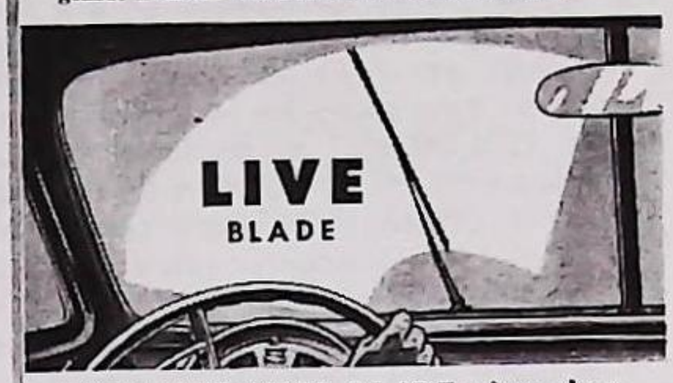

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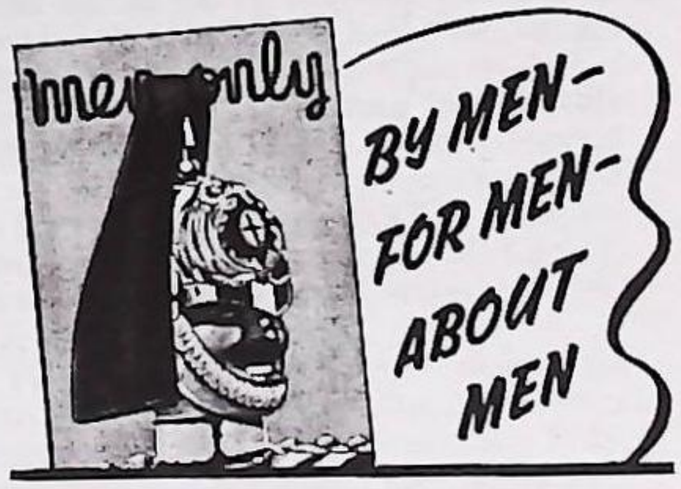

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And thus matters might have rested had not an old school friend of mine really upset everything by a statement in his book about the Upper Salween. This was published in 1937 and was written by Ronald Kaulbach, a remarkable man of huge stature and gentle ways who literally exudes an aura of inherent honesty. He is also an extremely tough, conscientious geographer and explorer, having won the coveted Murchison Award of the Royal Geographical Society of London for his work in the eastern Himalayas. He started his explorations with the world-renowned botanist, Kingdon Ward, and later mapped an unexplored area equivalent to that of Ireland. Nobody could be more matter-of-fact, and few people know the recesses of the eastern part of the great triangle better than he does.

Imagine, therefore, the surprise he caused by stating in his book that at an elevation of 16,000 feet on one of the main passes between the valleys of the Chu and Salween Rivers, he came across five sets of "very extraordinary tracks." These, he tells us, led "down the side of the valley through the snow, at an almost impossible angle, and on to the comparatively level floor. They looked exactly as though they had been made by barefooted men.

"There are no bears in that part of the country but I think it is conceivable that they might have been the pug marks of snow leopards going slowly, using a kind of loping movement with the hind paws just overlapping the fore. I have never heard of these animals traveling in a party, however."

He then goes on to say that the opinions of the four Sherpa porters accompanying him were divided. Two said the tracks might be those of snow leopards; the others affirmed they were made by *Metch Kangmi*. They all agreed that the latter exist, however, and one of them said that he had met one while hunting wild sheep and that it was naked, white-skinned, covered with a long fur and had a mane.

Innumerable people immediately flew into print after reading this account, for Ronny Kaulbach is a much respected man. So great was the stir in the British press that the scientific fraternity was, willy-nilly, dragged into the fray and was obliged to make some positive statements. These came from three eminent zoologists who, although undoubtedly to be classed as orthodox scientists, all happen to have unsually open minds, and one of whom has even expressed in print almost mystical opinions about nature. The last is none other than Professor Julian Huxley; the others were Martin Hinton, then Keeper of Zoology of the British Museum (Natural History), and the world-famous R. I. Pocock, than whom nobody could claim a greater knowledge of the mammals of the world. All three made statements, heavily qualified, to the effect that these tracks were made either by some unknown species of monkey, by bears, or by giant pandas.

Kaulbach positively reeled before these statements, but continued to point out firmly that monkeys do not occur in that area any more than do bears, and certainly not above the snowline and that no relative of the giant panda is even rumored in those parts.

Now, there is found in certain areas of the Himalayas a variety of brown bear known to science as *Ursus arctos pruinosus*, which can grow to the size of a large grizzly and varies greatly in color, sometimes being pale cream or almost pure white. These animals may stand on their hind legs for long periods and can waddle along in this attitude for short distances. One such, almost white, was observed from an Indian survey plane in 1936 in an unexplored valley on the Tibetan side of the central Himalayas. Further, when traveling at a steady rate across level snowfields, these animals, it has been demonstrated, can leave very odd tracks because their hind feet enter almost exactly into the prints left by their forefeet. The result is a series of short, broad imprints with five toes of equal length clearly showing in front, but also with two smaller marks sticking out on either side of the "heel" impression. These are caused by the inner and outer toes of the hind feet.

The well-known mountaineer, F. S. Smythe, who holds the world-altitude record and who has written extensively on the Himalayan region, then submitted a long debunking article to the London Times. This appeared on November 10, 1937, and in it the author recorded details of an experience of his own. This occurred on July 16, 1937, at 16,500 feet on a glacier in the Bhyundar Valley of the Garwhal Himalaya, when he was on his way to make the first ascent of Nilgiri Parbat Mountain. He saw there a series of human-shaped tracks, a foot long and six inches wide, with a stride of one and a half to two feet on level ground. As usual, his porters immediately affirmed that they were those of *Metch Kangmi*.

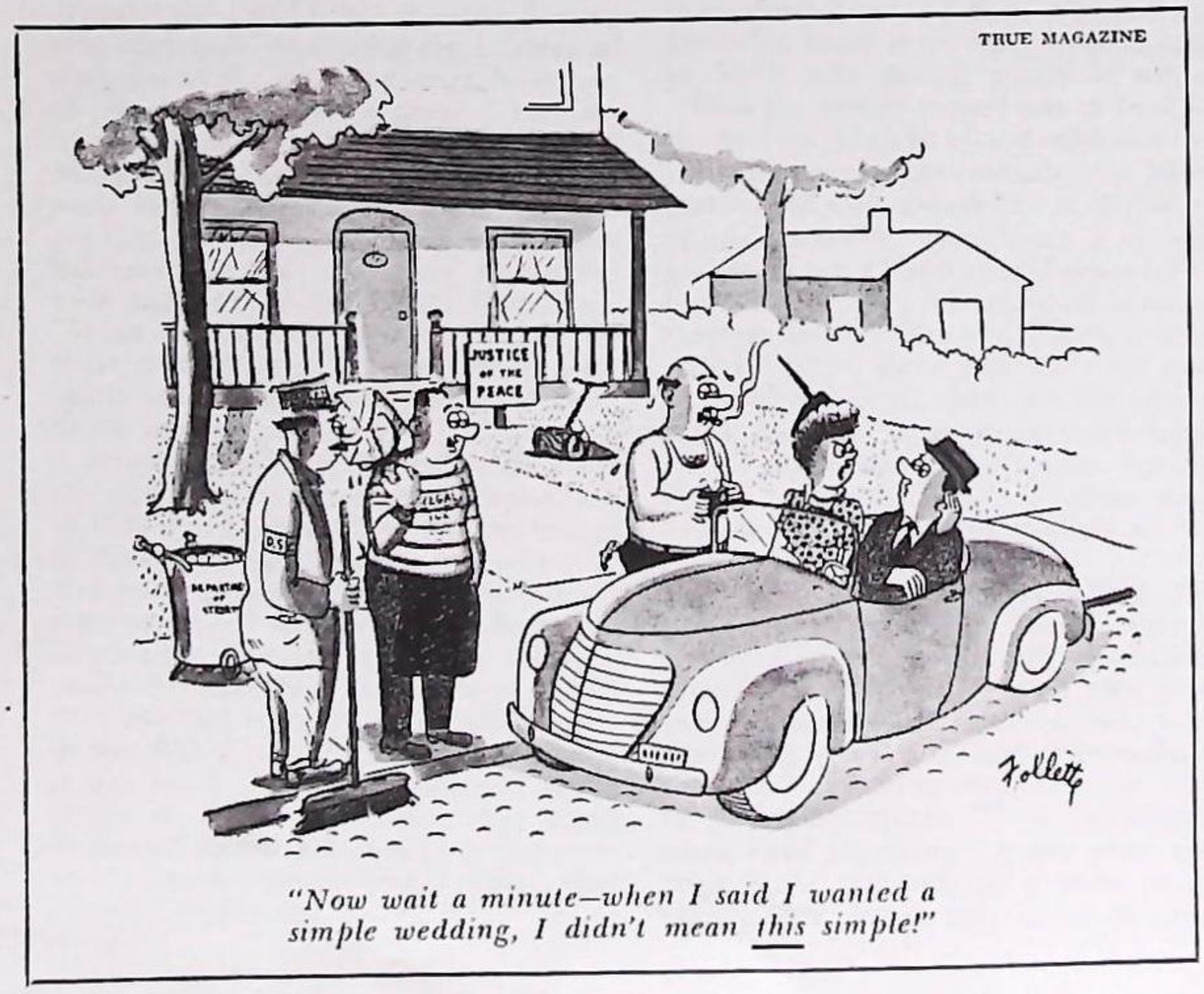
Smythe followed them up to a cave, and thence with a field glass back down to the valley below the snowline. He took careful measurements and photographs which were developed in a manner that precluded any fakery. He states that he submitted them to the same above-mentioned experts and that they pronounced them to be those of the silver bear.

However, in the meantime a considerable number of other reliable explorers and mountaineers who had worked in the area of the great triangle came forward with further tales, none of which could be so easily disposed of. Smythe himself acknowledges this fact in his article. So many, in fact, reported either seeing such tracks, hearing inexplicable yells high above the snowline on the great peaks, or other related phenomena that on listing them all, you will find you have covered about 75 per cent of all foreigners who traveled in the Himalayas during that period.

Their critics, with a few exceptions such as Smythe and Huxley, have never been nearer to the Himalayas than Italy.

Abominable Snowmen suffered a temporary eclipse throughout the war, but during this period a potential seems to have been building up which sparked into a blaze of publicity after hostilities were over. It was H. W. Tilman who set this off in a book entitled Mount Everest, 1938, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1948. In this, and particularly in an appendix, he gathered together all the information that he could find on Abominable, Filthy, or Disgusting Snowmen.

Many of his rather lighthearted remarks appear to me to miss the point, and his assumption that no white man has ever reported seeing a Snowman is quite inaccurate, but he did add accounts of some of his own experiences that he states flatly altered his whole opinion and which, we must admit, seem to be indestructible even by "experts." He had



"Now wait a minute—when I said I wanted a simple wedding, I didn't mean this simple!"

already referred to one of these in another book entitled When Men and Mountains Meet published the previous year; but what really jolted him was the sequel to this incident.

He tells us that on his way back from the Everest expedition of 1938 he crossed the—until then uncrossed—19,200-foot Zemu Gap, east of Kanchenjunga and almost due north of Darjeeling. At its top he found a single set of footprints that could not, because of weather conditions, have been more than two or three days old. He says emphatically that the tracks "were not like soup plates and could not be attributed to bears, snow leopards, otters, leaping hares, or gigantic one-legged birds, but were plain tracks of *large boots*."

They led up to the bare rocky crest of the nearby mountains and they did not again descend. The apparent enigma of something abominable, naked, and hairy although human, dwelling above the snowline of Tibet wearing boots, at first sounds more than preposterous, but Tilman very sensibly observes that since something did wear them one should perhaps "credit the Snowman with sufficient sense to put a pair of discarded climbing boots to their proper use." He further points out that the site of the base camp of a German expedition of some years before, which was below on the north side of the Zemu Gap, had a great deal of rubbish lying about.

These tracks naturally puzzled Tilman a great deal and he could only conclude that, unless they were made by a *Metch Kangmi*, they must have been made by somebody who had forestalled him in making the ascent of the Zemu. On arrival in Darjeeling he made inquiries and found that nobody had passed the gap but that a Major John Hunt was said to have made the attempt.

Tilman wrote to him and heard in reply that Hunt had approached from the Zemu side and that he also had found sets of tracks going up and down. What is more, these had led over to the Talung side and then descended by a series of steps cut in the ice of a glacier, by means of which Major Hunt himself had descended and examined their progress. Major Hunt had thought these steps must have been cut by the German expedition but further inquiry on his part disclosed the fact that they had never even been up to the Zemu. Hunt says, "What on earth is the explanation of these tracks?" and Tilman rather petulantly adds, "One can attribute tracks to bears, but not *steps*."

Among other facts Tilman records was the discovery by the Everest Expedition in 1938 that a cairn raised over the bodies of those who had died the previous year had been moved. This cairn had been erected on the summit of the Rongbuk Glacier far above the snowline and in a position which no Tibetan would ever dare attempt to reach, not only because of the difficulty of the climb but because it was located on the sacred and taboo slopes of Everest, of which they stand in mortal dread. The monks at the monastery below stated emphatically that *Metch Kangmi* had moved it.

This whole business may, up till now, appear to be a purely European and predominantly British affair. This is simply because the area was first penetrated by Europeans and notably by the British working through India. In 1938 Americans appeared on the scene, and they at once also met Abominable Snowmen. In fact, some of the statements made by the various authors of the work Five Miles High, which was the co-operative account of the first American Karakoram Expedition, are very astonishing in this respect. William P. House states that porters out with Charles S. Houston heard unaccountable yells: Houston himself reports a strange incident about a falling rock: and Richard L. Burdsall gives Captain Streatfield's version of hearing a series of uncanny human calls from high above.

Houston seems the most mystified, for at one point he remarks, "That there should be controversy among white men that these spirits [he assumes the *Kangmi* to be products of Tibetan superstition] exist or not is surprising." In fact there are few intelligent travelers who have penetrated Tibet who have not pondered this question.

What then is the cause of all this discussion and all these abominable reports?

If the tracks are not made by animals, and the yells are not rocks splitting or birds calling, and if inaccessible cairns have been moved, may we assume that Messrs. Knight and Tombazi, and almost the entire population of southern Tibet and surrounding areas, are right in stating that there are wild men or manlike creatures living high up in the mountains, at or even above the perpetual snowline? And if we do make such an assumption, what manner of men may they be? There are a number of suggestions.

First, it should be pointed out that there are lone hermits who dwell in caves in abject filth for the believed benefit of their souls. However, they do not live above the snowline, and even they have to eat, so that those who bring or sell them food know of their whereabouts. Secondly, there is no capital punishment in Tibet and people guilty of serious crimes are simply turned out to fend for themselves. They go almost wild, but they are dark-haired Mongoloids, not blond giants, and they always live at the lowest altitude possible. Then there is the suggestion of lost Chaldean and other tribes, but primitive peoples, and notably mountaineers, usually stick very closely to their native valleys, since they have no need to wander. Fourth, there are the various ideas that all these reports are based simply upon native superstition. For one reason or another, none of these more prosaic suggestions will explain all the reports.

However, there are two others. The first suggests that, as in Norway, certain individuals with chronic and pronounced vitamin-D deficiency develop into what used to be called werewolves, their faces becoming deformed and prognathous, their hair growing in profusion over head and shoulders. These individuals often have a craving for raw meat and fresh blood that reaches a point of insanity. Such freaks may occur in areas

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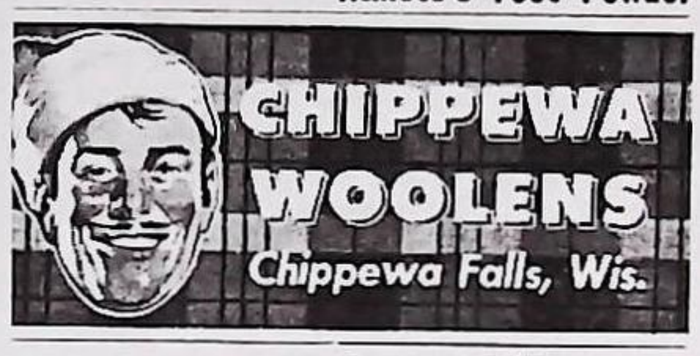

of constant cloudiness and other peculiarities of environment, but in Tibet they also would not be blond.

Before proceeding to the last remaining suggestion, another pair of objections has to be dealt with. One is that no man could live in the cold of those altitudes, and the second is that reports of such lowly creatures come only from the superstition-ridden highlands of the Himalayas. Both beliefs are quite inaccurate.

The city of La Paz in Bolivia is at 11,910 feet. The Rongbuk Monastery lies at 17,000, and is the highest point continuously inhabited by known man. A few hermits live a little above it and climbers have, of course, gone higher (the record is Smythe's at more than 28,000 feet). A Colonel Henniker, when fighting his way over a 17,000-foot pass in Ladakh in 1930, met a Hindu clothed only in a loincloth, striding along in a blizzard. In his amazement he hailed the man in English, and was even more dumbfounded when he was answered in the same language, as follows: "Good morning, sir, and a happy Christmas!"

It was mid-July but many degrees below zero. The Hindu said that he was taking the trip for the good of his soul and was therefore quite warm. Men, in fact, can live under unimagined conditions and perhaps, as Julian Huxley so boldly suggests, by the exercise of some unknown mental powers. Whole tribes or races might have evolved such powers.

As to the existence of Abominable Men outside the Himalayas, I can only refer you to Hassoldt Davis' account of the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition to Burma and Nepal. In this, that eminent writer will introduce you to the *Kung-Lu* or "Mouth Man" of Kensi on the Siamese-Burmese border. This is said to be a vast apelike creature that lives on the highest mountains and only occasionally descends to devour thin men, and only the thinnest. Besides this, I have a report from a friend about a remarkable American named Harold Young, the son of a missionary brought up in the southern Shan states of Burma, who contends that he has wrestled twice with a similar creature known locally as the *Tok*. In fact, reports of just such bestial man-things are rife in that corner of the world.

What then of the final suggested explanation of these abominable creatures? Here perhaps you should brace yourself for at least a mild jolt, for it is simply that they are the living remnants of our man-ape or ape-man ancestors who learned to withstand great cold during the recent Ice Age and who, forced back and up into the utmost recesses of the least-inhabited mountainous region of the world by modern men, have managed to survive there in small numbers and probably in caves, and possibly without even fire.

This suggestion may at first sound more than just far-fetched but consider for a moment how little we know of that great Asiatic triangle. Then contemplate the fact that all the most advanced studies made of our earliest ancestors—not only in Europe and South Africa, but also in north and south China, and the East Indies—indicate that the human stock is most likely to have arisen from a group of fossil apes, represented by one *Dryopithecus* of northern India, in this very triangle!

The great apes have survived in Malaya and Africa, why could not a man-ape have done so in upper Burma or Tibet?

Vast areas within the triangle are still totally unexplored, and those that have been mapped have often been only once passed through by foreigners. Even in many of the "known" areas there is still much debate as to whether the great silver bear exists, as we have seen. If such an animal can be overlooked, scattered families of cave-dwelling subhumans could also well be missed.

It was only a century ago that the last known subhuman died, namely the last Tasmanian aborigine. What, in fact, is so terrible about this suggestion? I personally suspect that it is merely that it brings into question certain of our established beliefs, one of which, for no real reason that I can see, appears to be that all apemen and cavemen must have died out in the Ice Age.

Actually, we are still only halfway out of the Ice Age.

Ivan T. Sanderson

Sarkis and the Hidden Gold

[*Continued from page* 51]

before. Now, like Rip Van Winkle, it had unexpectedly come to life with a bang to take a rightful place among the great mines of Canada, if not the world.

As is customary, the occasion was highlighted by the pouring of a small, token brick. On hand in generous numbers were dignitaries and townsfolk to commemorate and cheer the ceremony heralding greater things to come. They were aware of Quemont's potential (it subsequently produced $30,000 a day in good, hard money, or something like $10,000,000 a year, almost half of it profit). So it was not surprising that the celebrants were more than ordinarily jubilant. Tap rooms did a brisk trade, and in the adjoining town of Rouyn the sporting girls were busier than they had been since Dominion Day. To climax the pour, a monster banquet was staged at the Noranda Hotel. Here the distinguished visitors and officials from Ottawa, Toronto, and Montreal made glowing speeches of Quemont's future. They dilated on the substantial ore reserves (close to $250,000,000 in metal, by God, and still growing). And they reviewed the unique history of this reluctant bonanza, from the obscure early days to the present.

I had been in the heart of the historic 1923 Noranda gold rush, so I was glad to get back for the new Quemont opening. By a coincidence I was in the vicinity re-examining a mining claim my brother Bob and I had staked long ago—one of the few we retained through the years—and now, as I sat at the banquet, my thoughts wandered to the crowded past.

Bob and I are a couple of prospectors who received preliminary bush training on the streets of East Boston, bordering the railroad tracks, and Harvard University. In the early '20s, we cast our lot with the lowly prospector, deciding that the life of a bushwhacker offered a more promising future than routine work with a mining company. Grubstaked by Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., scion of a noted Boston family which pioneered the fabulous Calumet & Hecla Mines, we started at grass roots, axes in hand. We planted our stakes far and wide, wildcatted in the best Canadian fashion from the shores of Lake St. John in Quebec to dim reaches of the Arctic. And there were interludes in the American West, Central and South America, Mexico, Africa, and even pre-iron-curtain Soviet Russia.

As the banquet roared into high gear, I grew sad in reverie. I was reminded more and more of lost opportunities, and my mind was filled with faces I would never see again. Why was Sarkis Markarian not once mentioned, either from the rostrum or the tables humming with feverish discussion? Probably because I alone, of all this throng, knew him. Credit whom you will, I reflected with some bitterness, attribute the Quemont saga to a host of men dead and alive, but it was Sarkis who had recognized the mine lying quietly under the enigmatic waters of Osisko Lake long before anyone else. He held the key to all this celebrated richness, but Bob and I, in youthful folly, had spurned his prophetic words and missed the great prize.

Sarkis Markarian was my first proof that Armenians could do something more than sell carpets. He was made of rugged stuff.

I first met him in Gowganda, northern Ontario, in the summer of 1922. Fresh from Harvard, I had gone north to join my brother in a life of prospecting and mining. Sarkis was then caretaker of the inactive Silver Bullion Mine, living easily and waiting for better days. No one knew his exact age. Piecing together the involved chronology of his life, our best guess was 75. It was difficult to tell merely by looking at him. He was a 6-footer, thick, barrel-chested, with long, powerful arms which dangled out of freshly laundered overalls. He was cooking, I recall, and bent over a small tin stove as he ladled stew with the smugness of an entrenched housewife.

Bob introduced us. Sarkis pressed my hand in his own horny palm until it hurt.

"Is please meet you," he boomed solemnly. "Is time lunch, so kindly be seat."

We sat at the table, fanning away mosquitoes, while Sarkis wielded an enormous razor-sharp knife as large as a broadsword with which he sliced a loaf of flaky bread. He clucked at my astonishment.

"Make 'im myself," he explained with justifiable pride. "Make f'um ole saw blade find on dump wit' moose horn for